

## That Lots of Syrup Sort of Approach

sometimes I don't eat  
for a day to feel  
the victorious hollow abdominal peals  
of the aortic ivy clinging to its spinal trellis  
braiding boulevards of elastic nerves  
sending mixed signal telegrams  
    the dashes from behind-the-knee paper skin peppers  
    dot dot dots along the dull wedge of my shoulder  
stop

and people take their clothes off right before they die  
of hypothermia even though their cheeks are blue  
like those latticework tendrils of vein  
clamoring to conquer our wrists  
    but they're not really blue  
        never really blue

unlike those vibrant waxen anatomical models  
our limbs only spill vermilion ribbons  
with the touch of the terrible oxygen  
formaldehyde just paints grey and shrivels  
our dusty bodies are mostly monochrome  
we like things more real than the truth but still  
whenever I see a real truth I think about crying  
and about why the stinging sea is so cruel  
if we are sixty percent salt water anyway  
you can taste it in your truth-spurred tears it must be  
a very delicate balance  
a very delicate balance  
    perhaps salt could be the fifth humour  
on my skin I can taste  
    the electric salt of damp summers  
during dead of night lights out showers the ice water runs  
blindly in strange channels  
through the kudzu

## Let Us Not Pry Into the Holy Mysteries of the Hencoop with Simian Fingers

Once every three to five weeks,  
unreliable unless regulated  
by little blue blood-pressure-raising,  
body-betraying pills,  
I am taken to bed  
by a potential which has  
disappointed my insides to the point of  
feverish evacuation.  
Like a stuck pig,  
my entirety becomes the clenching  
of all my secret muscles,  
tucked up and in and behind,  
a remorseless drainage  
pressing and pulsing  
down down down  
in great iron swells,  
a cook armed with a furious pastry bag,  
a futile emptying of the end of a tube of toothpaste,  
a child making and unmaking cruel kinks in a garden hose.  
A shameful, laborious dry run  
for that un-human agony  
which we were made for,  
which man can never know,  
which keeps us humble.

But never as humble as the lowly hen,  
a denizen of the largest of our  
domesticated genocides,  
whose insides manage to frost cakes and  
run out of toothpaste and  
water the grass  
every day,  
but they don't bleed quite the same.  
It comes in solids,  
impossible oblong pearls,  
usually filled not with  
sogging stillborn feathered clumps,  
but with great  
miniature syrupy Sisyphian suns,  
yellow yellow yellow

cast forth with a terrible squawk,  
more dear than their doomed mothers and  
more promising than our own  
sticky and seeping mess.

O mighty hen,  
you blank brainless bird,  
who was made for us,  
who we can never know,  
who keeps us vain.

I wonder,  
if God was punishing woman,  
fruit plucking woman,  
what could the fowl,  
dirt pecking fowl,  
possibly have done?

*Jubilate Mus: A Requiem*

Forgive me,  
You, whose plague only began to begin in death,

You, whom I had delighted in witnessing,  
residing as a rare respiring tchotchke for my shelves,

You, who belongs only to the great Mouse,  
so wholly other than I, beneficent, maleficent,

You, for whom I took my unchartered dominion in hand,  
baiting a proxy of plywood and crude wire,

You, who so embodied Schrödinger's eternal cat,  
as I awoke like a child on a cruel Christmas morning,

You, at whose ensnared discovery I felt the mutinous bile bite my tongue,  
as the sorrowful blow to my solar plexus wrung out an ugly sound:

You, whose small soul can creep so well, crept out  
into the solemn, stagnant, no-one-to-notice-me night,

You, utterly nothing, nothing, nothing, and yet,  
how latterly full of oil-drop-eyed existence! Yes,

You, little temple,  
the servant of the Living God, duly and daily serving Him,

You, proof that anyone might hew a log, but  
so few can carve Fabergé eggshell filaments of bone,

You, who had succumbed so sleepily to the likewise slender wire,  
so divinely miniature like your golden Philistine cousins,

You, whose small death I shan't forgive nor neglect in this life  
or the next, else may the reverse be my lot! Oh,

You, whose still, velveteen head I stroke,  
Forgive me.

## Considering Forms

I recall the wake

-ful feeling of my windpipe twisting

heart stutter-stepping

the bitterest baby powder embalmed lesson of childhood

my chest swollen by

the swift silver-tongued saccharine succor:

“Did you know that in heaven, the streets are paved with sapphires?”

I recall the night

light spewing from the great swan necks of street lamps

shattering on the obsidian asphalt, jeweled beetles

scattering over the myriad glittering facets of cobble(rhine)stones

my eyes deafened by

an everlasting *Kristallnacht*

the blinding brilliance

They say it is for ecology and economy and efficiency

Plato would say otherwise

In The Rothko Chapel

At some point

(, sitting in the brimming emptiness  
in the umbrage of eight grey monoliths,  
looming cold and stagnant,  
the thunderheads ripened into silver  
shades of Rorschach inkblot indigo:  
the paint of pure dusk  
bruising violets behind my eyelids,  
the Northern Lights weeping  
colours non-existent;  
staring glassily into the purple pink orange green  
raw aural void,  
the tint of the beginning of time,  
was like flying through lightning-laden clouds:  
the white hot wires of my optic nerves suddenly  
somehow grasping electricity at thirty thousand feet;  
kneeling in the center,  
the eye of some storm,  
something bloomed open and, shudderingly,)

I was

swallowed by the maw of God.